UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1177.

Original Poetry.

FAREWELL TO THE VILLAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Farewell to the village—my spirit is clinging
Still fondly to all that embalmed it here;
While raptures, her sweetest of fairy wreaths flinging,
Had turned the sad epistle it delighted to wear.
Where late fancies sported, and hopes were beaming,
What heaven on cold world not welcome the glow,
That mutually glimmered o'er memory and dreaming,
And kindred the depths of its—boarders below?

Farewell to the village—where gladness so sister
Around us in childhood's unthinking hours wove;
Where pleasures perched forth her bright clusters to scatter
The pathway of life, while it's windings were new!
Where the song wreaths that blossomed on the lips of the maiden,
While gracefully sweeping a soft-toned guitar,
Stood—nascent forth, with such sweetenment laden,
As Peru—compared to it—is barren and bare.

Farewell to the village—its pleasures are over—
The scenes that shall keep them all fresh in the last
Like—because of sweet sounds around me they'll never,
Whose echoes remain while their breathings are past.
If ever the hard—dark's a storm of sweet flowing over,
That lingers an hour round some beautiful spot—
Or, around a dark cloud, a bright rainbow is hovering,
Before him, though he, like that wave, be forgot.

Original Sketch.

MAN'S FIDELITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"Man's Fidelity!" cries Miss, "I hope Madam Story Writer, you are not going to pretend that there is truth in man."

Indeed my pretty child I am not going to persuade you to any belief whatever: I am only telling you a plain true story, just as it was told to me by the confidant of my heroine, who, thanks to the Lord of mercy, is now resting on Paradise from all her sorrows. She was a wife and mother when I was a little girl, and certainly she was the most beautiful woman I ever looked upon. There was a tenderness in the pearliness and symmetry of her hand and arm: and her face I cannot describe, it was not only faultless in feature, but eminently beautiful. She seemed sometimes a creature of pure, and exemplary woman, but there was a melancholy in her countenance, a sadness in her voice, even a sorrow in her smile, that proclaimed the heart within the bosom, wounded and desolate. She was never sad, and many and many a time have my tenderness in hysteria, for her story was not generally known, and she had no ostensible cause for grief. Her husband was devotedly kind and affectionate, and her husband, his *kindness* was perverted. His conduct toward her was more like that of a fond mother to a wayward and peevish child, than of a husband of twenty years towards a sickly and complaining wife. He was a high minded, noble hearted man, I daily labor that which his little farm failed to yield for the support of his family, yet she never would let me assist her, nor any little delicacy which her capricious appetite might demand. And all through the cold winter, however severe the weather, he rose at one at midnight, kindled the fire, and prepared for her a cup of tea, and some kind of light food. Yet in some things that was like a cloud shadow over those blessed hearts, and then they were again desolate. The next summer Mary came home to her father's cot, and this time I was not that a change had come over her. She had grown a tall girl, and though but thirteen had the appearance of a woman grown. She was not the child-Mary of his boyish idolatry, but she was Mary still, and her presence was a blessing to all around her. Gentleness, love, kindness and affectionate confidence of her manners toward him, assured him that she held him as dear still. Again she returned to the city, and the following summer her aunt found it necessary for her own health to visit Saratoga Mary accompanied her, and of course the visit to Brookfield was dispensed with.

Mrs. Dennser had in her own opinion given Mary a polish in the gem entrusted to her care, and now she resolved to see it suitably enchased. She was continually talking to her niece of the importance of advantageous marriages, ridiculing the idea of "first love," of unalterable affection; and comparing the high and wealthy men in the country-seats and the true rules of good breeding, affability, and cheerful generosity. Mary's parents overheard her lectures, and the contemptible Mrs. William and Emeline, and themselves always tolerated the whole family, who accepted their cordiality condescendingly, and yet, notwithstanding the patronizing manner in which it was extended to them. The children ranged the valley, gathered wild flowers, climbed the hills together: and were never happy when apart. The little girls who were of the same age seemed to like each other, the most lady and intimate with Emeline, while William was their guard, and guide, and defender and kindly taken to which he might have found fruit as flowers. Mary, however, generally obtained the preference, for she was selfish, William gallant, and Emeline generous.

At length little Emeline fell sick, and died. Mary had never looked on death before, and she wept over the cold white face of her gentle playmate, until her heart was nigh to bursting. She would not be comforted, and all summer long the widow and Mary and William and Mary kneeling beside the little grave to say their evening prayer; and daily did they seek fair flowers to lay above the bosom of their playmate, and fade as she had faded. And William's heart strong with strong cords, that not had only he love, and the remembrance of sorrow drew still closer the bond between their spirits. It was said by the neighbors that it was a comfort to look upon them, as they walked or read together, he with his black eyes, each curling, and manly bearing, and she with her angelic blue eyed loveliness.

But that could not last. Childhood did rapidly away: William grew handsome, and Mary eleven years of age, when a sister of Mary's mother, Mrs. Dennser, came from New York to the country to spend a few months with her and her relatives. This lady expressed herself scandalized at the manner in which her niece was allowed to associate with the poor, and said that she would be utterly ruined if she was not put to school. Mary, although by no means pleased with the idea of school, was delighted at thoughts of going to the city, the magnificence of which her aunt described in the most glowing terms. William, if she cried, endeavoring to meet him as he advanced across the lawn. "Oh, William, I am going with my aunt to New York, where I shall see many fine things, and wear such fine clothes, and be a fine lady. Oh I am so glad. But what ails you, are you sick?" she cried in alarm, for while she was speaking a fearful change had come over him. The glad smile vanished, the rose of his cheek faded to a livid white, and he stood as if translated, gazing upon her with an expression which she could not comprehend.

"And you are glad Mary," he said at length, in a strange accent: "glad to leave home, to go from all these lovely places, and from poor Emeline's grave. Oh Mary! Mary!" and he covered his face and gave way to bitter weeping.

Mary laid her hand upon his arm and said, "Don't cry so William. I shall come back again, and you will be glad to see how beautiful I shall have grown."

"No Mary, I shall never be glad again," he said, and turning away walked hastily from her. She looked after him with wonder, and when he was at some rods distance, his lamentations burst forth, and came piercingly on her ear. At length he sat down in the shadow of the old cedar which they so loved, and thither she timidly followed him.

"Are you angry, William?" she said, as she knelt down beside him.

He clasped her fervently to his bosom. "No Mary," he said, "I can never be angry at you, but I feel as if the summer times had gone away forever. Oh I shall be so all when you are gone. I shall have to carry all the sweet flowers to Emeline's little grave, and my only prayers there all alone. I shall cry bitterly when you are glad and happy." She tried all her art to soothe him, but in vain; he wept on, and she was obliged to leave him to his sorrow. Poor boy, the rose of his affections had budded prematurely, warmed into life by the sole and constant companionship of innocent beauty. All too soon the tender plant put forth its buds, and the first frost which should have hardened the stalk for bearing, touched them with a fatal blight. From that time the fairest chamber of his heart was desolate. He went home, lay down upon his bed, and wished in his heart that he might die.

William is very unreasonable," murmured Mary as she sentimented homeward, "to spoil all my pleasure with his foolish grief. And what right has he to complain because I am going away? I am sure that a change had come over her. Her form was wasting, her cheek was faded, her countenance haggard, and her eye expressed but a gloomy wildness, or a fixed and cold despair. Spring came on early, and Mary crushed the first buds recklessly under her feet, as she wandered in search of the wild flowers, and river. And William as he hung upon her footsteps was no less wretched than herself. He had loved her with a boy's fondness, and now with a boy's deep and overwhelming passion. Together they revisited all their haunts and many places, and knelt once again by their little Emeline's grave.

"You have trained the flowers nicely, and kept all the weeds away, William," sighed Mary.

"Yes," he replied, "I have been here much and often since you went away, for it seemed that my mother and sister were not pleased to be buried here with Emeline. I knew that you often thought of this sweet spot when I was absent still."

"Yes," she said, "I always think of Emeline's grave when the twilight comes."

A cloud passed over his face like a cloud shadow over those blessed haunts, and then they were again desolate. The next summer Mary came home to her native spot, and this time she was not that a change had come over her. She had grown a tall girl, and though but thirteen had the appearance of a woman grown. She was not the child-Mary of his boyish idolatry, but she was Mary still, and her presence was a blessing to all around her. Gentleness, love, kindness and affectionate confidence of her manners toward him, assured him that she held him as dear still. Again she returned to the city, and the following summer her aunt found it necessary for her own health to visit Saratoga Mary accompanied her, and of course the visit to Brookfield was dispensed with.

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"William is very unreasonable," murmured Mary as she sentimented homeward, "to spoil all my pleasure with his foolish grief. And what right has he to complain because I am going away? I am sure

ther. Gradually, the general detestation in which he was held, began to have a deeper and deeper influence upon Marguerita. It would have been strange if all the noises used to poison the mind of one so young, even against so fascinating a lover, should not have had some effect. But especially sickening in weaning her mind away from him, were the earnest appeals of his own sister, as soon as she had personally recovered to this her.

It was about six weeks from the time the exciting incidents just detailed, occurred, that Mrs. Turner said to her wife, as they sat one evening conversing.

"This exclusion of ourselves from society is not right—and, we have had full witness of the danger that exists in social life, under its present forms."

"And a warning that we dare not pass unheeded," replied Mr. Turner.

"True. But it is not our duty, instead of withdrawing from society, to make an effort to introduce some salutary reforms?"

"Perhaps it is."

"I think so: and am willing to make the trial. Suppose we invite company, but upon the principle of excluding all young men whose characters are known to be bad. Can you will-ing to stand up with me in this?"

"I am perfectly willing."

"Then to appoint an early evening, and send out our notes of invitation. In the meantime, I will converse freely with Mr. Algeron, who, of course is ready a member such a proceeding now, and also with as many others as I think prepared for such a step. The common sense of every one must approve it. All that is wanted, I am sure, is some one that is firm enough to lead the way."

True to this just determination, Mr. and Mrs. Turner sent out their notes of invitation at an early day. Only a few of these were prescriptive in their character—as, for instance, that sent to the Markland family, which specified by name those who were invited—and three others sent to families that were unfortunate enough to have one member each, not worthy to mingle in virtuous society; which were worded in like manner. To two of these families, the exclusion proved a deep offence But the others could not but acknowledge that there was a true principle governing the conduct of Mrs. Turner, and approve it, though painful to their feelings.

The party at the Turners' which was well attended, and proved a delightful one to all present, was quickly followed by another at Mr Algerson's upon the same exclusive principle, and this by a third, under like restrictions. Grace Turner, and Marguerita Algeron attended all these, and many others during the period of that season. The latter gradually recovered from her disappointment, though it was a long time before she could even think of Thomas Markland without a quicker throb of her heart. He never attempted to throw himself in her way afterwards. Driven, by his evil counsellors from the circle in which he had mingled for years, he abandoned himself more and more to low and degrading vices, until he became lost to all sense of shame—and lay like a dead weight upon the heart of his family.

Henry Turner, who had felt much drawn towards Marguerita, whose attentions to her early in the fall, had been lightly treated, soon ceased to show her more than ordinary polite-civilities. Her decided preference for a man like Markland, made him think but lightly of her—and still LESS lightly, after the attempted elopement, with its sequel had transpired. But when he again came into familiar contact with her, he could not help feeling a awakening admiration, although he struggled against it, and argued against her on the score of her blind and weak infatuation in regard to a man whose vile habits should have made every pure minded woman shrink from him with instinctive aversion. Time were on, and the excess of festivities passed away, during which the parties were mainly conducted upon the exclusive ground which Mr. and Mrs. Turner had been first to establish. All saw that it was right. And even upon whom it bore hard, or at least upon some members of their families, could not but acknowledge, that into virtuous society, virtue should be the passport.

Wealth and family connections, impart no moral qualities—and therefore, these alone should never give admission to a man of bad character into our social circles. In not this a self-evident truth to every mind? If not—if it requires the practical operation of a principle to make it of force—then, indeed, are we far from open their eyes and look around them. Let them read over the social history of the first circles in our city for twenty years past, and if it does not give them the heart ache, then are they callous indeed. And why does not the press publish a picture? Names have been too few social restrictions! No man's daughters were safe, even in so called "good society." Need again regret the time, when that society has not been hedged around as it should have been, that virtue has not been the passport!

But to return, and briefly wind up our story. During the ensuing summer, Grace and Marguerita, who had always been fond of each other, became very intimate. This intimacy was not, at first pleasing to Mr. Turner, who did not think the daughter of Mr. Algeron a fit companion for his child, after the exhibition of her character which the events of the winter had presented. And yet, he never saw her, that his prejudices did not, in some degree, give way. She was modest, retiring, intelligent and accomplished. Above all, she even seemed to him of his own child. When together, they looked like a sister, and by strangers were often thought to bear that relation to each other.

Fall and winter again came round, and with the festive season, came also to Mr. Turner and some others a consciousness, that they had a social duty to perform. The restrictions of the preceding year had been felt by every parent as a protection for his child—but so much are the majority of persons slaves to the tyranny of custom, that, unless they can find a leader to take the odium and responsibility of innovation, they will go on in the old track, let the threatened danger ever so great. A new season had come in this instance, had not Mr. Turner and Mr. Algeron been firm in leading off upon the exclusive system. Twice, during the season, this salutary rule was broken by parents too weak to offend in certain quarters, but the prompt withdrawal from their land parties by Mr. Turner and a few who imitated his example of their families, soon re-checked the spread of such a dangerous precedent. During this winter, Henry Turner himself was at that ever timid Marguerita's society, and, in spite of his efforts to struggle against his feelings, he could not help feeling for her a genuine preference—in fact, a warm regard. Still, the Markland affair troubled him. He could not tell how far her feelings were still committed to that fatal attachment, and, indeed, the idea that she now, or had ever entertained an affection for one like him, gave him a mortifying aversion to her. But this grew weaker every day.

As for Sidney Markland, he was running his headlong career of vice and dissipation. Having now no external inducements for an affectation of virtue and propriety, he let his true character speak forth freely in all his actions—which were often two grow violations of decency to bear a sacred here.

One morning, towards the ensuing spring, Marguerita sat glancing over a newspaper, when her eye fell upon the following paragraph under the head of city occurrences:

"*Rencontre—and Just Punishment.*—An affair came off in one of our public streets yesterday, which, though involving a breach of the law, we can hardly find it in our heart to condemn. Some of our citizens who have recently made to the Chesnut street have received a lecture-ed, unpolished, uncultured fellow, named Markland, of no very suitable notoriety. For a year past he has wrongfully confined his advances to a class of persons to whom the public take no particular interest. But recently he stepped beyond this boundary, and dared in offer an insult to the sister of a young man well known in our first circles. The consequence was, a public chastisement which every virtuous mind must approve. It is said he have been well laid on, and in the presence of a large number of persons, not one of whom interfered to check the bruiser's honest indignation."

Marguerita still sat with the newspaper in her hand, when Grace Turner came in.

"Read that, Grace."

Grace read it over hurriedly, and then looked up the face of her friend inquiringly.

"Nightly do I thank my Heavenly Father," said her gentle friend, "that He so mercifully guarded me from that fatal error, the misery upon that wretched young man. I shudder, sometimes, when I have a mote than usually vivid recollection of the danger I have escaped. How blind and mad I was! It seemed as if I were in the centre of a charmed circle, and enjoying an unfeeling peace in the midst of ruin. Reason was powerless. The earnest entreaties and sole admonitions of my parents did not impress my mind's eye. They were scattered like autumn leaves in the breath of a tempest."

"I thank God for your escape, and also for my own." Grace replied earnestly. "I, but for the firmness of my parents in withdrawing me from the circle contaminated by his presence, should have been in a like danger with yourself. He sought my side early on the evening of the ball, and kept at your house, and held my delighted attention for nearly an hour. I never heard so musical a voice—never met with such an attractive. Truly he was a skilful charmer! It has since come to my ear that he first determined to win my heart, and then cast it away as a toy. The prompt action of my father prevented me. You, consequently, were the next accidental victim. But, thank God, I have not been thus escaped. We are both free!"

Innocent were the heart-warm tears that engaged, as the lovely maidens embraced each other tenderly.

"I have a word for your ear," Grace said, in a whisper, half withdrawing herself, yet still clasping her arms about the neck of Marguerita. "Will you become my sister?"

The maiden started, paused a moment, and then turning toward her companion, laid revealed her blushing face, while the imprisoned lips upon her lips a fervent kiss. Then burying her face in her bosom, she wept anew, but her tears were tears of exquisite joy.

Need we no longer hold the reader's attention as we tire him with an account of the last gay party of the season—a bridal party—which saw Marguerita was the blushing bride, and Henry Turner the worthy claimant of her hand! No! Enough has already been said. As for Grace Turner, father's jealous care ever her has not been in vain. She, too, has found one worthy to win her and to wear her. Mr. Turner is a happy man, and he deserves to be.

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 17, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending us FIVE DOLLARS it is advanced, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, twenty copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO POSTMASTERS.

Postmasters and all others authorized to act as agents in this office, are particularly requested to make the direction plain and full, and to avoid the letters interlined or the number of those points may cause loss or miscarriage.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

In consoled do we happen this day to be, that our "Gossip" is not only present in every number of the paper, but that it is the most popular type. The reader will easily imagine that, we take it, and might, upon necessity be induced to lose of the "Gossip" altogether.

I, in the Post Office question the reader will find no lack of interest, and others will find it to be the topic of our miniet tense. The suggestions and arguments embraced in that letter, are worth much more than the subscription price of the paper. We have asked after the interests of our readers in the country, and where one of them can make up the pay of a year's worth, we will, in particularity obliged.

We have also made room to a very interesting letter from Washington. It will, we doubt not, be particularly grateful to the friends of Mr. Van Buren, but as we do not profess to be more than to give the political signs of the times, the reader must take the letter entirely upon its own merits. By the way, speaking of matters in Washington, we have received the nomination of Mr. Wise, Minister Plenipotentiary to Brazil, has been considered. The veil of secrecy has been removed from a part of the Senate proceedings connected, and the following are the votes: On Mr. Hendaer's, 9 yeas, 31 nays; on Mr. Buchanan's, 31 yeas, 9 nays; on Mr. Porter's, 7 yeas, and 36 nays; on Mr. Wise's, 30 yeas, and 10 nays; on Mr. Bell's, 7 yeas, and 32 nays; and on Mr. Hall's, 11 yeas, and 30 nays.

The Mayor of the city of Philadelphia, on Saturday last, fined Mr. Elias Baker, a farmer, two dollars, for selling mutton, cut up into quarters and smaller pieces, at a stall appropriated for that purpose, in the High Street Market. The Mayor quoted as authority for the fine, the opinion of Judge Kane, delivered in the case recently reported in Chief Justice Gibson, that beef, prepared for market is not the produce but of the slaughter house. Mr. Baker, a farmer, is desirous to have the question have been held, and will be found reported in this day's paper. Meanwhile the Legislature is about to report upon the subject, and we trust will not adjourn without passing a law setting the matter at rest forever.

The story concluded upon our first page this day, is a deeply interesting one, and peculiarly appropriate to the present time for the community to enforce. The experiency of legal enactments upon the subject involved is at least questionable, but there is no question whatever, that public opinion should move out to use and the same measure of punishment.

We would call attention to the touching story written by Mrs. Sigourney, which will be found in our out of the every day path, and therefore the more interesting.

Several notices to correspondents, already in type, are laid under the next week.

BUCCANEERING.

We regret to see that the brig O. C. Raymond, belonging to Connecticut has been playing a trick which the lawyers will find it hard to define. It is not piracy—and, as the captain could not claim the reward given at the rate of one hundred dollars per head, we do not know that it can even be brought under the head of barratry—but let the law term it what it may, we hope the result will be a villainy. The brig, under command of Captain Dennison, sailed from Chanoe, May 29th, for Macao, and on the 30th of June, touched at Singapore, at Valparaiso, Chili, where she has arrived from Takahanna. On the 12th she sailed from Valparaiso, and reported that they thought was 900,000 in specie. It is barely possible that the captain can give a good account of his conduct—we hope he can—but at present we

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to fund their letters addressed to us. The word "free" or cavil is not a fraud.

Agents will please remember that the numbers are consecutive.

The letters will not be taken from the Post Office except they are paid for.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year, unless otherwise ordered; and a failure to expire will be taken as an order if arrangements are not.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep the publication correct. They should always give their post office and State.

Removals must always state the Post Office connected from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new arrangements:

☞ THE TRAVELLING AGENTS for Alabama, Mississippi, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilson.

Mr. C. W. LARKIN, of Cincinnati, Hamilton county, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, some.

Rev. HOWARD DOUGLASS, of Mount Holly, is our Agent for Burlington, Camden and Gloucester counties, N. J.

SAMUEL F. STEVENS, of Trenton, is our Agent for Mercer county, N. J.

JAMES HAMILTON, Esq., of Princeton, is our Agent for Somerset county, N. J.

HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Middlesex county, N. J.

CHARLES E. SMITH is our Agent for us in the South and South-West, where Navy and Flavin, and Wm. Gibbons, Esq., of Georgetown, D. C., formerly of St. Louis, Mo., are our Agents.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

JAS. F. HARRIS is collecting for us in Richmond, Hanover, Caroline, Spottsylvania and Louisa.

ALANSON HILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to collect money for the United States Saturday Post, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. Single copies may also be had in his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND. *By Agnes Strickland. Vols. IV and V. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—The author of the work has done a great good for her own sex, and of course for ours, in the work which she has commenced and to industriously follow out. The third volume is already before the public, and the last of Mary, the writing of which the author says was "a task the most unwelcome that she had ever undertaken," the last of any English woman to perform. It was difficult because almost the whole of the civil annals of domestic history relate to the unfortunate contests between Maiden and Tudor, are in direct opposition to the popular ideas of our first queen regnant, and therefore, of course the desire of recording truth may be mistaken for a wish to extenuate crimes which are "dark as hell" to humanity. The writer has sworn to present facts as interblended with comments as possible, and has left readers to draw their own conclusions. The fourth volume, she says, "should indeed an opinion that our first queen regnant misjudged some of the measures of her reign, and dark and stormy passions which have been attributed to her, there will be found sufficient to show that she was essentially progressive spirit, she adopted for herself that "true councils Truth."

The task of the author will not be found "disagreeable" with readers in our country, we trust—for the harsh sentiments of Knox and his age have been worn out of memory, and American readers will rejoice to find material in one in the vindication of a woman of their own sex who has been heaped upon her. Mary should not be judged as a woman, and by the standards of a churchman, but by the uncharitable taken to test her conduct by. Moreover we are the agent of circumstances, and not unfrequently and in their entire opposition to the dictates of the most unyielding fortune. Their predominate fame is blurred to guilty of crimes and follies which we are taught to forget that all rulers in some sense represent their times; that the deeds they are found to have done are not against their will, and that even where the will conserved to what we now regard as wrong, contemporary opinion made that wrong right.

SATURN LECTURES on the Causes, *Principles and Results of the British Reformation. By John Henry Hopkins, D. D., Bishop of the P. E. Church in the diocese. Philadelphia: James M. Campbell & Co.*—The story of this conflict is told in Wheaton's Law of Nations, and is well told in these lectures. The lectures were written in 1840, and regularly delivered by Bishop Hopkins in his own Church. Having a work in press in that city which needed his supervision, he proposed while attending here to deliver the lectures, but the Bishop of this Diocese demanded him, and that request was abandoned. In reference to the assurance of the Undersigned, we would add that he has read the work and pedantry "takes this opportunity to record his conviction, as the result of careful investigation, that the statements of course of his respected colleague as being a manifest error in every particular." We are glad to learn that he decides not that it was dictated by the purest motives, and intended for the best.

Bishop Hopkins is one of the most voluminous writers in the P. E. Church, and probably no gentleman of his social standing, under few opportunity has so much leisure for his acquirements of knowledge—or his capacity to introduce them into his writings. He is a master of the secrets of arguments in religious controversy—it is not our habit to speak. Of the manner in which the themes of this welcome new volume are treated, we say that it is marked by the characteristics of Bp. Hopkins. No Episcopalian who takes an interest in the current religious discussions should pass this volume by. It is printed in the usual neat style of Campbell & Co.

THE PRAYER-BOOK AND OFFICES OF ECCLESIASTICAL *Annoted and Illustrated. To which is added a Defence of the Offices of Baptism, Confirmation, &c., &c. By the Rev. Jeremy Taylor, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—The publication of this work is especially an ornament to the English Church, but in his Christian walk and conversation an example to Christians of all denominations. An advocate of integrity, in prosperity unassuming, his distinguishing characteristics in his course of business were punctuality and honesty. As a husband, father, his endearing and tenacious personal ties the notice of the present day is hardly appreciated, and the loss of one enough to be prescribed with his research. Among his valued gifts to the community is the work before us, which will be found exceedingly graphic and interesting. Nevertheless, we have not examined the whole of this interesting country, it is comparatively little known to us; and Mr. Kane will have yet to learn how much there is worth knowing about the Mississippi Valley, ere he will prove a most agreeable companion to those who like to be informed of what is around them.

BOOKS FOR THE PEOPLE.—In addition to the series of American Novels and Romances published by Rockaliff, at No. 8 South Sixth street, there is a series of publications which make the cheapness of periodical depreciation, and the popularity of which is one of the most singular facts of books. Many prefer to buy works in numbers, which are well printed, as the purchaser has but very small sum to pay at a time. One obtained \$100, accompanied with the money, we promptly answered.

LOVE AND MISERY. *An Every Day Tale. By Mary Howitt. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.*—It does not need a good story, it will be an exception to the general character of Mary Howitt's works. The tale is one of love—indicating the two subjects, in one or other of which most women are interested. Its object is to show the evil of hasty marriages, and the misery of the study of such Episcopalians as would understand the grounds of their conscientious scruples.

MEMOIRS, &c. *at home and as a to. By Beverly Mayer. New York: J. Winchester. Philadelphia: Barfield.*—This is a production of the class which

Selected Poetry.

THE HERITAGE.

FROM A POEM BY J. W. LOVELL.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits weak, and scrawny knees,
And vender heads that there the rain
His sickness is a care,
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold as fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank note, with a pedigree back,
Bonds with a secret lien, and notes
Indorsed with names that would luckily earn
A living, did not he sell them.
A heritage, I swear to me,
One should not care to hold as fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Brave stomach, hearty health, hard work,
A manful mien, and good name,
A lucky frame, a heavier spare,
Limbs gristled with the bone of his past,
In every useful fold and set;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold as fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes whereof the world holds things,
A cash without much hoarding gone,
Content that hires complacencies spring,
A soul that spares others pain,
A heritage it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold as fee.

Oh, poor man's son, turn in a nod
That with all others level stands;
Scorn not the sceptre hid in thy hand,
Nor count thy jewels dim with mire;
Thou'rt the best copy from the book
Of heritage; it counteth rich
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Oh, poor man's son, look not so sky wise,
Nor reach unseen nonsenses from those
That seem to have and hold and grasp
Of art only useless the soul to chase,
Of wit only endless the soul to amuse,
Of heritage, it seemeth to me,
Of rich things, poor is fairest to be.

Rich heirs in name are lost of soul,
An equal in the world is all
Possessed of the more dear Gem:
Poor is the best copy from the book
By record of a well filled past
Of heritage, it seemeth to me,
Of all worth a life to hold in fee.

Selected Tales.

ONLY IN JOKE.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Only in joke. We have no patience with such fellows. If they breed a nuisance under the low-string is fashionable, or where a hoax may be sliced off, or a woman bagged for the asking, they would have your best sister, wife, or your wife launched into the Bosphorus, tied up in a bag, like a kitten for amusement. And when you complained, the ready answer would be, that it was "only in joke!" Or they might do some similar good turn for yourself, and tell your executors the same story. Only in joke! when you called a spade a spade, or any other thing even as plain, they would call it a hoax, a thing of glass, and fracturing of bones, and not particularly hard and rough, upon any who happen to be associated with their friendship. There is no getting angry with them, until you are actually ruined, just a joke in body, purse or chattels. To complain of any such small matter, as the dislocation of a limb, is only to make the joke rarker; for the more you lament, the rigor is the fun. Say nothing, and bear them to misuse without remonstrance or resentance, and half their amusement is lost. True friendship this—enjoyment of your neighbor's misery, and appreciable only by the "real genuine and natural fellows," the practical joker's only companions—confusion to them and their like!

Edith Blanchard was just one of the most gentle, sequable, confiding creatures that ever lived upon earth as the incarnation of kindness and good humor. Jack Robinson was good humored too—but he was one of those semi-humoring, ready, troublesome creatures, who seem to live only to torment all who are compelled to live in their association. What the gentle Edith found in such a fellow to love, the blind god only knows. Certainly it was for nothing in his manners, for the pure were the antipodes of such other in every possible respect. There was no single point in which they resembled each other. If poor Edith's heart fluttered with any emotion at which poets and lovers speak of, when she heard his approach, it should be with genuine fear when he was present. He could not take her hand without squeezing her fingers in his vice of a paw, till the blood was ready to gush from those finger ends and the tears did start from her eyes. If he tried to steal a kiss (pass this sentence, maiden ladies) she struggled in escape in real earnest—for she knew that he was not there affectionate, except when he had been drinking, and then he grew coarse, and his shine-brush of a beard was rubbed so roughly on her "damask cheek," as to make scarlet of it.

If he invited her to ride, she was sure to find herself seated between two most unmanageable animal of a horse, which was never lacnessed except for some high fun. Although in horse flesh as her tender sister. Once with his victim seated by his side he would topple her over with a hooney of his broken vehicles, overturns and back-breadth wagon with the same quadruped, and take all the time particular care as to drive, and run where ground was soft, as to inflict upon Edith the horrors of an overturn, in every thing but the actual occurrence of it, at every step. If, in walking with Edith, he saw her step outside in trval an ant-hill he would take particular pains to go back and grind it level with his ugly heel. He would counselled drunkenness on naturally as to bring the food foolish child into tears; and indeed, these was no conceivable enormity, short of knocking her down with online pressure, that he did not perpetrate. All the he assured her was "in joke;" and when he wound up his obstreperous feats with a fit of laughter of monstrous as his joke, Edith would faintly laugh too, while a tear stood in her eyes.

Poor Edith! She wondered if all men were like Jack Robinson—but was at last fairly and often treated her with deferential civility and the entire contempt did dare, but that was before he was so accepted and declared lover; and she soon then half wished that she had always kept him on terms as distant. But just as she had reasoned herself into half loving him, he suddenly always ceases his attention to some real proof of affection, intended and prodige intended to be her part, and unexpected on his knee. What could she do with such an awkward wish of a lover? Hair and kisses were all she could not for his very manhoriess had become loathsome and even pleasant to her. The match was something like the affection of the fable of the lamb for the wolf—and this was intended in manners, and he laughed to him with not half the refinement that a real gentleman of manner or sentiment would have his his inner passages. The idea of being yoked for life to such an unsentimental griffin would have made her hot, in spite of all her endeavors to the contrary. It seemingly did her good to see that when they began to tell her so, Edith showed all the woman; declared that Jack was a great deal better than those who maligned him that unsolicited advice and sentiment were better unsolicited villainy, and that she would marry him were he twenty times Jack Robinson. To this there was no answer, and this time Jack and Edith only sighed and shrugged their shoulders, while she strutted out of the room like a ruling monarch. Gentle woman can show fine sentiments—and when they do! Let them only know, speak.

Jack was a great lover of aquatic amusements. Besides his membership at a boat club, he boasted that he owned a considerable fleet—tens of small water craft, his pride in which was second only to his fondness for his horses. I ever to find. Just at a moment, into the parlor had been reasoning the interference of her friends in Jack's conduct, that worthy made his appearance, and invited her to take a water excursion with him. This, which was a great condescension to the least woman, she had always resolutely declined. She looked up to him, confessed just the question, and saw the malicious smile on her friends, which plainly announced that they knew she dare not answer. To stop to think—to gratify them by a moment's hesitation, that would not please him, and to Jack's surprise and pleasure, she accepted his invitation at once. She only intimated to him, as they passed to the water side, that she acceded to the point, to show her friends that she was not afraid to trust herself to his guidance, under any circumstances. The rascal! he had to heard that delicate and maidenly appeal to his generosity in quite such terms.

To do Robinson justice, he intended to respect her timidity, and to forbear, for once, to make it the butt of his raillery. On the very point of consideration, the temptation to break over his good resolutions almost insurmountable. His mate Fraley, who was in waiting on board, regarded them as they stepped into the boat, with such a confident anticipation of "fun," that Jack mistrusted his good resolution. As the sail was spread to the breeze, and the little barque careened under it, his determination to equate Edith became weaker and weaker, as she begged him to return, or sail slower." She clung to the wind-sail side with the agility of a drowning woman, and Jack, who would have had down his life for her at that moment, had such a exercise been necessary, made an attempt to laugh at her misery—for what is more intolerable, more tormenting than fear? Fraley was in a complete roar, and Jack and his mate Fraley, in the audacity of what they called "fun" (as that on the 6th of September, 1845, the British swimming society dined together. The managers are so learned in the use of that after dinner their heads began to revel; but, by sticking to the wine, they kept themselves steady enough.

☞ A doctor and a lawyer being in dispute about the relative merits of their professions, the lawyer asked the doctor whether all his patients recovered that although he had not believed he did not believe in some as many opposed to had been able to save as many opposed to his profession. He replied, "Yes, undoubtedly—and had killed honest men."

☞ "I'm getting," observes Mr. Tidmarsh, are not all the world over; with the exception that, with the French, there are more dishes than mouthfuls served up. I'm always hungry when I sit down to a dinner of this sort. I'm always hungry when I sit down to a dinner of this sort. I'm always hungry when I sit down to a dinner of this sort